

GOSSIP OF THE CAPITAL.

MR. REED'S VISIT TO THE HOUSE LAST MONDAY.

HOW MRS. TURNER GOT INTO THE MEMBERS' GALLERY—MR. PUTNAM'S REPORT ON THE LIBRARY—MONSIGNOR SBARRETTI.

Washington, Dec. 9.—A conspicuous figure in the House on Monday was the former Speaker, Mr. Reed, who looked with eager interest at the scene in which he had so recently played a leading part.

"Where is Mrs. Reed?" asked an old friend of the "Czar" whom he encountered in the House lobby.

"She has no more use for politics than I have," responded Mr. Reed.

"And have you no further use for them?" asked his friend.

"No," said Mr. Reed. "I've given up politics and am going to become a bishop and lie souls into heaven."

"The new Speaker is of too amiable a disposition to 'come down' upon the House when it is out of order, as his predecessor often did," said a member whose experience dates back to Mr. Carlisle's regime, "but, be it said to Mr. Reed's credit, his method was invariably efficacious, and we in the House minded promptly and without open protest.

"On one occasion during the last session the House became very disorderly. Mr. Reed knocked several times with his gavel, but without effect. The Speaker was obviously annoyed. Finally he pounded the desk heavily. 'One moment,' he said angrily, his voice penetrating to the furthest corner of the chamber; 'gentlemen should recollect that there is an unusual attendance of ex-members and members-elect, and that on that account there is considerable addition to the usual noise, which of itself is ordinarily sufficient to prevent the transaction of business.' There was loud laughter at this, but it was observed that the House soon settled down into an unusual quiet."

Mr. Reed had a great moral influence over the members, and, whether willingly or unwillingly, they were wont to obey his requests. One afternoon, when the House lacked a quorum, one of its messengers was dispatched to hunt up an M. C. at Harvey's, a famous restaurant in town.

"The Speaker would like to have you come up to the House, as there is no quorum," said the messenger to the member, who was found enjoying a broiled lobster with a visiting constituent.

"You tell the Speaker to go to the devil," said the diner; "I'm going to finish my lobster."

"Very well, sir," assented the messenger, "I will do so," and he left the room hurriedly; but as soon as his back was turned the belligerent member rushed down by the back stairs, through a side door, into a cab, and was up at the House long before the arrival of the messenger.

Mrs. Turner, mother of the young Democratic member from Kentucky, became separated at the Capitol on Monday from her son, who had her ticket for the members' gallery in his pocket. The rules were strictly enforced, and although she gained admittance to the gallery the zealous doorkeeper threatened that if she did not produce her ticket he would be compelled to ask her to step out.

"No," said Mrs. Turner, "I shall not move a step. I came here to see my baby sworn in as a member of the House, and I am going to see him sworn in. I have lost him and I have no ticket, but I shall not move a step from here until I see him take the oath."

The doorkeeper, being a wise man, said nothing further, and Mrs. Turner had the happy privilege of seeing her son sworn into office.

This son, by the way, who succeeds Walter Evans, is one of the youngest men in the House, and his father, Oscar Turner, represented what used to be known as the "Old Purchase District" of the Blue Grass State for nearly twenty years. Turner senior came to Washington as a Democrat, although he did not receive his nomination on the regular ticket, the party organization being generally against him. But that was nothing; he was glad enough to run on the independent ticket, and he always won. Mr. Turner was a useful member of the House and an extremely wealthy man, his estate when he died being valued at nearly \$3,000,000. His family took a prominent part in social affairs when he was in Congress, and their friends predict a creditable career for his son.

The first report of Mr. Putnam as Librarian of Congress is an interesting and scholarly paper which covers every point in the Library that has been criticized, and denotes a breadth in the Librarian's administration of the affairs of this important institution that is extremely gratifying to all its friends and well wishers. After noting what has been done at the Library and giving a list of gifts and other acquisitions, Mr. Putnam speaks of the preparation of a catalogue in a way that makes students hopeful that some day the Library of Congress will have a catalogue which will make research and work there easier than it is at present, for owing to the absence of an adequate catalogue the immense amount of valuable material contained there is of little value to students.

Monsignor Sbarretti, who has recently been promoted to the bishopric of Havana, is well

known and well liked here, where, since 1892, he has been attached to the Papal Legation as its legal adviser. This legation plays no role in official and social circles at the capital. It concerns itself strictly with Church affairs, and the present incumbent at least has made no effort to go outside of his own precincts; but both Monsignor Martinelli and his aid, Monsignor Sbarretti, have made many warm friends who will greatly regret the latter's departure, although they are proud of the promotion, unsought but well deserved, that has come to him. The new Bishop was born in Italy only forty-four years ago, and is a member of a distinguished Roman family and a connection of the famous Cardinal of the same name who was a fellow student and comrade of the present Pope. He was educated in Rome, and was subsequently made a professor of theology of the Propaganda there. He is a man of broad experience, having, as all successful priests have, a broad knowledge of human nature and a sympathy with it. Monsignor Sbarretti is a great admirer of American

made Minister again—a post he held to the satisfaction of this Government when he acted in that capacity before.

THE PASSING OF "MY SHOEMAKER."

HE GIVES PLACE TO BIG DEALERS IN READY MADE ARTICLES.

It seems that the days when men and women of fashion spoke of "my shoemaker," when it was taken as a matter of course that "good form" demanded shoes expressly made for the feet they were to cover, have passed forever. Oliver Moore, reputed in his time the greatest artist in boots and shoes in this country, died lately, and it is said that the man who should have to-day occupied his shoes and made his customers' the next most famous handicraftsman in footwear, is now working as an attaché of a large and, it is important to note, fashionable shoe firm. The time was when a shoe firm could no more be both large and fashiona-

chine, for instance, now in use by custom workers that stitches soles to vamps so that you would think the stitches were made by hand. Then, again, as to fitting, it may be quite true that in a small country shoemaker it is difficult to get a shoe the shape of your foot, but when you have a large stock to select from—shoes of the same size, made on half a dozen different lasts—the case is different. The truth about that matter of individual feet is that every man's foot belongs to one of five or six recognized lasts, unless it is deformed."

This statement, logical as it seems, may have been biased by the interest or the esprit de corps of the speaker. It must be admitted, however, that the small handworking custom shoemaker of nowadays speaks of his trade perhaps unconsciously, in a somewhat spontaneous tone. With the exception of a few with established and still lucrative reputations, the old fashioned Crispins are deriving much of their income from repairing. There is still left to them the custom of a small minority of cus-



DALOU'S "TRIUMPH OF THE REPUBLIC."

Unveiled in the Place de la Nation, November 19.

people and institutions, and has enjoyed his residence at the capital so much that, although he appreciates the great compliment that has come to him from the Holy See, he regrets the necessity of his removal from Washington.

A cable dispatch from Caracas, Venezuela, announcing that Señor José Andrade, Venezuelan Minister to the United States, has resigned his office, is not credited by many of Mr. Andrade's friends here, both because of the source of the cable dispatch and because there is no reason why he should resign during the present state of affairs. His brother, the exiled President of Venezuela, who is at present in Porto Rico, has not resigned, and has no intention of doing so. The country is still in a state of revolt; Castro's government has not been generally recognized, and until it is regarded as stable the new President will be unable to accredit a Minister here. In the mean time Bolet Peraza, former Venezuelan Minister to the United States, has been appointed a special representative to this country, and it is possible, if Castro succeeds in firmly establishing himself, that Peraza will be

ble than a shoe could. But, according to the opinion of a veteran tradesman, that time is past.

"When I worked for —," said this authority, speaking of the death of Mr. Moore, "and that was a year or two ago, we had plenty of customers who considered themselves well dressed and who were not ashamed to come and buy our ready made stock. We could have shoes made to order if our patrons asked for them. But I mean to say that these fashionable people came and bought ready made shoes. I don't mean to say that they were very easy customers to satisfy, but we did satisfy the most of our stock. And when I say 'fashionable people' I don't mean merely rich people. I mean such people as—would you believe it?—Berry Wall."

"Yes, I have sold ready made shoes to Berry Wall. That is a fact that many people would call startling. But, then, many people are ignorant of two things in connection with the shoe trade. One is that a great deal of the work in a first rate shoe factory is done by hand; the other is that a great deal of custom work is done by machinery. There is a striking ex-

servative people, probably the sons of the conservatives of the last generation who persisted in still wearing high boots, calling the wearers of the ankle high article "apes of the English," and there are a certain number of people with corns who fear that the recognized lasts of the factories ignore corns. But the burden of the small shoemaker's discourse seems to be, "Let the cobbler by no means turn to his last, if he can get anything else to stick to."

STRATFORD'S QUEER OLD FAIR.

From The London Globe.

Stratford-on-Avon, thanks possibly to its reference for Shakespeare, is one of the recognized homes of old customs. Yesterday was the perhaps the most typical of old English fairs, which goes by the picturesque name of the "Mop fair and ox roast." The whole town is filled with orthodox booths, stalls and booths, but the special feature which attracts the crowds from the neighborhood is the spectacle of the oxen "spitted whole from head to tail" revolving before temporary brick towers in the streets. The whole spectacle has a savour of the old fashioned time, which is unhappily being too rapidly forgotten by our country villages and smaller boroughs.